

O T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A SCOTS
PASTORAL COMEDY.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

To which is added,
AN ALPHABETICAL GLOSSARY.

By the same AUTHOR.

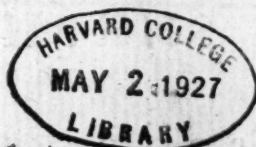
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T H E GENTLE SHEPHERD.

T H E P E R S O N S.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.
PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.
ROGER, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.
SYMON and GLAUD, two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.
BAULDY, a hynd engaged with Neps.

W O M E N.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's niece.
JENNY, Glaud's only daughter.
MAUSE, an old woman, supposed to be a witch.
ELSPA, Symon's wife.
MADGE, Glaud's sister.

SCENE, *A shepherd's village and field some few miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of action, *within twenty hours.*

First act begins at eight in the morning.
Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.
Third act begins at four in the afternoon.
Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.
Fifth act begins by day-light next morning.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

P R O L O G U E.

*Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs their hale some waters yield,
Twa youthful shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

A 2

PATIE

4 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT I.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, The wawking of the faulds.*

PATIE. *MY* Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae fastly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae fastly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

PATIE.

PATIE.

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
 How heartsome is't to see the rising plants !
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants !
 How halefome 'tis to snuff the cauler air,
 And a' the sweets it bears when void of care !
 What ails thee, Roger, then ? what gars thee grane ?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate !
 I'm born to strive with hardships, sad and great,
 Témpests may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
 Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood ;
 But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall lothe the flow'r, and quit the hive,
 The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornful queans, or loss of warldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say ; but 'tis no easy done
 By ane whase faul's sae sadly out of tune.
 You have sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
 You are the darling of baith auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought :
 Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye ;
 For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten,
 And shou'd, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, ni'bour, ye have not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part :
 If that be true, what signifies your gear ?
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine-bra nowt were smoor'd,
 Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd :
 In winter last my cares were very sma',
 Tho' scores of wethers perish'd in the snaw.

6 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT I.

Patie. Were your bein' rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs you wad lose, and lefs you wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fash'es fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou mayst thole the pangs of mony a loss;
O mayst thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench;
Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mare canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you, with all your cash, ye dowy fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens?
Daft are your dreams, as dafely wad ye hide
Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, *Roger*, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, you have guess'd o'er true,
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate:
But yesterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldly loes, Bauldly that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Patie. But Bauldly loes not her, right well I wat;
He sighs for Neps; — sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'd na loe her, — but in yain;
I still maun deat, and thole her proud disdain.

My

SC. I. A PASTORAL COMEDY. 7

My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
 Ev'n while he fawn'd, she strack the poor dumb tyke :
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 With a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn :
 Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte ;
 Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck ?
 Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint a' hope,
 Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's loup.

Roger. I need na make sic speed my blood to spill,
 I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk ! leave aff that silly whinging way,
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as weel
 As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel :
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
 I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee,
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me :
 For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
 And she was close upon me ere she wist.
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
 Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
 Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek ;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her e'en sae clear ;
 And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here ;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon after :
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew :
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you ?

Then

3 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 1.

Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
 Misca'd me first, — then bade me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist,
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack;
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb:
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

S A N G II. *Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er with strae.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse; — then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een.
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

*Roger. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art*

To

Sc. 2. A PASTORAL COMEDY.

To hearten ane : for now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her saul ! she made it fine),
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawstock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
With spraings like gowd and siller cross'd with black ;
I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Weel, hald ye there,—and since ye've frankly
To me a present of your bra' new plaid, [made
My flute's be your's ; and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observe't ;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserve't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring,
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right ;
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please ;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat with health instead of spice.
When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*A flow'ry bowm, between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiiths ;
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round ;
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear ;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear ;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY

40 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act I.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peggy. Go farer up the burn to Habie's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow;
Between twa birks, out-o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a singand din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bordering grass;
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And, when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash ourselfs. — 'Tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're paked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us fae? That jeering fallow, Pate,
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight,
The lads they're feeding far beyond the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane),
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet-lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?* — or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peggy. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?

Like

Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet :
 The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
 And syne the fool-thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
 Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

S A N G III. *Tune, Polwart on the green.*

*The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.
 The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laugh'd at by the lave.
 They jest it till the dinner's past :
 Thus, by itsell, abus'd,
 The fool-thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I—but love, in whispers, lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himself,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause ;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws ?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fools that slavery like, and may be free ;
 The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways : for me, I have a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh las ! how can you loo that rattle-scall ?
 A very deel that ay maun hae his will.
 We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk ; nor have I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,

Till

12 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act I.

Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed;
Where, on my Patie's breast, I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will : why no. 'Tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco' fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane :
But, soon as his newfangelnefs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte :
And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundring lick.

S A N G IV. *Tune.* O dear mother, what shall I do ?

*O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust to smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betyde you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd :
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love. [move
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green,
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een ;
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music through my heart ;
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at seckless fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.

He

He is — but what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs, compar'd with my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure:
 Ill-nature hefts in fauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be sad on my wedding-day?

*How shall I be sad, when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of thae
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools?
 The man who is prudent ne'er lighlilies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife:
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Jenny. Hey, Benny Laff of Branksome, or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O! 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whinging gets about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fashous din:
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, an scads itell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
 The deel gaes o'er Jock Wabster; hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's you war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall ha'e delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 Wow Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
 When a' they ettle at, — their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and ob' in a kifs?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw.

But little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die — the spate may bear away,
 Frae aff the howms, your dainty rucks of hay. —
 The thick blawn wreathis of snaw, or blasby thows,
 May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyvor buys your butter, woo, and cheefe,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks, and flees.
 With glowman brow the laird seeks in his rent :
 'Tis not to gie ; your merchant's to the bent.
 His Honour manna want ; he poinds your gear :
 Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer ?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single life :
 Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she,
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bodè weel, and strive to do their best ;
 Nae mair's requir'd ; let heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray :
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheefe, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sold, to pay the laird his due :
 Syne a' behind's our ain. — Thus, without fear,
 With love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer :
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll blefs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 With dimplen cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg ?

Peggy. Nae mair of that — dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest'd them with solidity of mind.

They'll

They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
 Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearful, and secure his heart.
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
 And, soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething-pat's be ready to tak aff:
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good humour, and white biggonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish of marry'd love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest'd,
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
 That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single, (a state fae lik'd by you!),
 Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done. — I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

S A N G VI. *Tune,* Nancy's to the green wood gane.

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying.*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT 2.

*That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying ;
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
That by the heartstrings leads us.*

Peggy. Alake ! poor pris'ner ! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing tak the air :
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good — for see, the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith. — If canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
For this seems true, nae lass can be unkind. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug thack-house, before the door a green ;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byar,
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural squair.
The house is Glaud's — there you may see him lean,
And to his divot-seat invite his friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. **G**OOD-morrow, nibour Symon, — come sit
down,

And gie's your cracks — What's a' the news in town ?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And sald your crummock and her bassen'd quey :
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry ;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. With a' my heart — and tent me now, auld
boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart with joy.

I cou'd na rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And sculk in hidlions on the heather-bracs.

Glaud. Fy blaw — Ah Symmie ! rattling chieks ne'er
stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flie round, like will-fire, far and near :
But loose your pock, be't true or fause, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been.

Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head ;

Because, ye ken fou weel, he bravely chose
To shine, or set in glory with Montrose.

Now Cromwel's gane to nick ; and ane, ca'd *Monk*,
Has play'd the Rumples a right flee begunk,

Restor'd King Charles ; and ilka thing's in tune :

And Habbie says we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That maks me blyth indeed — but dinna slaw ;

Tell o'er your news again, and swear till't a' !

And saw ye Hab ! and what did Halbert say ?

They have been e'en a dreary time away.

Now, God be thanked that our laird's come hame ;

And his estate, say, can he eithly claim ?

Symon. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir William shall enjoy his ain. }

S A N G VII. *Tune*, Cald kail in Aberdeen.

Could be the rebels cast,

Oppressors base and bloody,

I hope we'll see them at the last

Strung a' up in a woody.

Bless'd be he of worth and sense,

And ever high in station,

That bravely stands in the defence

Of conscience, king, and nation.

18 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 2.

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet, *Symon* — tak a seat —

"How's a' at hame? — How's Elspa? How does

"Kate?

"How sells black cattle? — What gies woo this year?"
And siclike kindly questions wad he speer.

S A N G VIII. *Tune*, Mucking of Geordy's byar.

*The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack his poor tenants with labour
To rise aboon poverty;
Else like the pack-horse that's unfather'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gar'd me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd — Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day.
We'll send for Elspith too — and, upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale, baith stout and brown;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gace to stand their lane.

Symon. I wad na bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it had na first of a' been mine;
For here yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut;
Yestreen I slew twa wethers prime and fat;
A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hangs reestling in the nook.

I saw mysel', or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pat, that scads the whey, put on,
 A mutton-bouk to boil; — and ane weel roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares na cost;
 Small are they thorn, and she can mix fou nice
 The gussy ingans with a curn of spice.
 Fat are the puddings — heads and feet weel sung:
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
 And drink our master's health, and welcome-hame.
 Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye a' your family, and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yoursel', Auld-birky; never fear.
 But at your banquet I shall first appear.
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I — Troth, I'm younger be a score,
 With your good news, than what I was before.
 I'll dance or e'en! Hey, Madge, come forth; d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here:

What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff! Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,

And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low;
 Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed! — And wha was't tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you? — Gae get my Sunday's
 Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands, [coat;
 My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
 Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak yourselfs as trig, head, feet, and wait,
 As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
 For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sym. bedeen.

Symon.

20 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 2.

Symon. Do, honest Madge ; and, Glaud, I'll o'er the
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [gate,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*The open field, — a cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end, —
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms, and haff-rais'd looks, ye see.*

BAULDY his lane.

WHAT's this! — I canna bear't! 'Tis war than
hell,

To be sae burnt with love, yet dare na tell!

O Peggy! sweeter than the dawning day,

Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-maun hay,

Blyther than lambs that fiisk out o'er the knows,

Straighter than ought that in the forest grows:

Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;

The lily in her breast its beauty tines.

Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,

Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!

For Pate loes her — waes me! and she loes Pate;

And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,

Made a daft vow! — O! but an be a beast,

That makes rash aiths, till he's afore the priest.

I dare na speak my mind, else a' the three,

But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.

'Tis fair to thole — I'll try some witchcraft art,

To break with aue, and win the other's heart.

Here Maufy lives, a witch, that, for sma' price,

Can cast her cantraips, and gie me advice.

She can o'er cast the night, and cloud the moon,

And mak the deils obedient to her croon.

At midnight-hours o'er the kirk-yards she raves,

And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves:

Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:

Rins witherthins about the hemlock lew;

And

And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mix'd with the venom of black taid and snakes.
Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates ; — and gars expire
Wish slaw and racking pains afore a fire :
Stuck fou of prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
And yonder's Maufe : Ay, ay, she kens fou weil,
When ane, like me, comes rinning to the deil.
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
To speak my errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd :
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive :
They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive. [Exit.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*A green kail-yard, a little font,
Where water popland springs,
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle an the king come.*

Maufe. *Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come ;
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.*
*Nae mair the harwkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. **H**OW does auld honest lucky of the glen ?
Ye look baith hail and fere at threescore.

Maufe. E'en twining out a thread with little din, [ten]
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn ?
Is there nae muck to lead ? — to thresh, nae corn ?

Bauldy.

22 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 2.

Bauldy. Enough of baith — but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Maufe. My helping hand, alack ! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow ?

Bauldy. Ah, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Maufe. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possess, [fell,
That lifts my character aboon the rest ?

Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're fae wife and
Ye'll may be tak it ill, gif I soud tell.

Maufe. What fowk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear :
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell you a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a slaw.

When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn,

When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;

When Brawny, elf-shot, never mair came hame ;

When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came ;

When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean

To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane :

When Wattie wander'd ae night through the shaw,

And tint himsel amais among the snaw :

When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat with fright,

When he brought east the howdy under night :

When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green ;

And Sara tint a shood was nae mair seen ;

You, lucky, gat the wyre of a' fell out,

And ilka ane here dreads ye round about :

And fae they may that mint to do ye skaith.

For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :

But, when I neist mak groats, I'll strive to please

You with a furlet of them, mix'd with pease.

Maufe. I thank ye, lad, — now tell me your demand,
And if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then I like Peggy — Neps is fond of me —

Peggy likes Pate — and Patie's bauld and sree,

And loes sweet Meg, — but Neps I downa see —

Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then

Peggy's to me, — I'd be the happiest man.

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night.

'Gainst

'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and grots, tak ye nae care.

Bauldy. Weel, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can
But if you raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind; [sing;
Synne rain and thunder may be when 'tis late,
Will mak the night fae mirk I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O will ye come like badrans for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I ought o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France. [Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out o' fashion, and a lanely beild,
With a sma' cast of wiles, shou'd in a twitch
Gie an the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch, in compact with *Auld Nick,*
Because, by education, I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their grofs mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now since the Royal Charles, and right's restor'd,
A shepherdefs is daughter to a lord.
The bonny foundling that's brought up by Gland,
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to th' usurper, and her death design'd,
To establish him and his in all these plains,
That by right heritage to her pertains.
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms.
None knows't but me;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy. O PATIE, let me gang, I maunna stay,
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's
away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's away with Jenny gane;
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds.

Peggy. The scented meadows, —birds, —and healthy
For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please. [breeze,

Patie Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae ye ca' me dull and blind;
Gif I could fancy aught sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear;
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
With thee I tent na flow'rs that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield;
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech;
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay: — Ye joker, let me gang;
Anither lass may gar you change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Patie

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap.
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to climb, — the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done
Shall do thee wrang; I swear by all aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith: — but mony lads will
And be mansworn to twa in haff a year. [swear,
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if anither lass your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye need na fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year:
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I chus'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand
Aft to the Tansy-know or Rashy-strand,
Thou smiling by my side, — I took delyte
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was sight'ring fain;
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or put with thee.

Patie. Jenny sings fast the broom of Cowdenknows,
And Rosie lilt the milking of the ewes;
There's nane like Nansy Jenny Nettles sings,
At turns in Maggy Lauder Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings with sweeter skill,
The boatman, or the lass of Patie's mill,

26 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 2.

It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lasses trow what they desire ?
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire ;
But wha lo'es best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy :
Be still as now, and a' my cares shall be
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at the
acting, as follows.*

SANG X. *Tune, The yellow-hair'd laddie.*

PEGGY.

*When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting foregather'd with thee.*

PATIE.

*When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet-riasing fells,
Nae birns, briers, or brekens gae trouble to me,
If I fand the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the flane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly gae pleasure to me ;
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden broom-knows,
And Resie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes,
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing,
At throw the wood ladie Best gars our lugs ring :
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The boatman, Tweedside, or the las of the mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses throw what they desire?
And praises sae kindly increas'es love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

Patie. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave,
At nought they'll ferly,—senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve;—
Sic ne'er could win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a';
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed;—but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,
Or five score good anes wad na be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hyre.—

Patie. ————— Well, I agree.

SANG XI. To its own tune.

PATIE [*sings.*]

*By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes, that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY [*sings.*]

*But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done.
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE [*sings.*]

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.*

28 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 3.

*Red cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.*

PEGGY [singing, falls into Patie's arms.]
*Then dinna pou me, gently thus I sa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a';
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.*

PATIE, [with his left hand about her waist.]
*O charming armsfu'! hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure all the live-lang day;
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lass your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal-day;
And if you're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whase beard seems bleach'd with time:
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:
But whisht, it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad:
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
Throw his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes,
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost, -- which now are mine again.

Yet

Yet 'midst my joys some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands -
 Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands,
 The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft!
 My stables and pavilions broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls!
 My gardens once adorn'd, the most complete
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet,
 Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks;
 But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No jaccacincths or eglantines appear!
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and nect'rine branches found a bield,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly!
 These soon shall be repair'd; — and now my joy
 Forbids all grief, — when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair.
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free;
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

re:

et

30 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 3.

Or sung as follows, S A N G XII. *Happy clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn,
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks;
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day,
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and wile hypocrisie;
Where truth and love with joy agree,
Unfully'd with a crime;
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean: A clear peat-ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green-horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
On skelfs foregainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their rest.*

SYMON,

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. WE anes were young ourselfs, — I like to see
The bairns bob round with other merrilie.

Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bad :
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elspa. Poor man! — he's a great comfort to us baith,
God make him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane;
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye weel ken; a bonnyer need na be,
Nor better, — be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mix'd with the mools myfell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have? there's nane, I'm
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor: [sure,
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind:
Fourscore of breeding ewes, of my ain birn,
Fife ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speir
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day eight-days likely he shall learn,
That our denial does na slight his bairn.

Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't; — come gie's the other
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end. [bend,
(*Their healths gae round.*)

Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud, — by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid

Down

32 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 3.

Down at your hallon-side ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen :

He tepts our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gies our brows a look ;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard,
His head is gray, and lang and grey his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in ; we'll hear what he can say :
Nape shall gang hungry by my house to-day,

[Exit Jenny.]

But, for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spaemen ! — the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

[Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William ; with them Patie.]

Symon. You're welcome, honest carle, — here tak a
seat.

Sir Wil. I give you thanks, goodman, I'll be blate.

Glaud *[drinks.]* Come t'ye, friend ; — How far came
ye the day ?

Sir Wil. I pledge ye, ni'bour, e'en but little way.
Rousted with eild, a wic piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'ye.

Sir Wil. That's kind unfought ; — Well, gin ye have
a bairn,

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill,
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. *[Pointing to Patie]* Only that lad, alake ! I
hae na mae,

Either to make me joyful now, nor wae.

Sir

Sir Wil. Young man, let's see your hand. — What gars ye sneer?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Wil. Ye cut before the point; — but, billy, bide, I'll wadger there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Betooch-us-to! — and well a wat that's true; Awa', awa'! the deel's o'er grit wi' you. Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark, Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd But a short while, he'll be a bra' rich laird.

Elspa. A laird! — Hear ye, goodman! — what think ye now?

Symon. I dinna ken! Strange auld man, what art thou? Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth; Come turn the timber to laird Patie's health.

[Patie's health gaes round.]

Patie. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent, Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent, Is a' my great estate — and like to be; Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie; let the man look o'er your hand;

Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.]

Elspa. Preserve's! — the man's a warlock, or possess'd With some nae good — or second-sight, at least. Where is he now? —

Glaud. — He's seeing a' that's done, In ilka place, beneath or 'yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted fowks, his peace be here! See things far aff, and things to come, as clear As I can see my thumb. — Wow can he tell, (Speer at him soon as he comes to himself), How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves, And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better — Elspa, haste ye, gae And fill him up a tafs of usquebay.

Sir

34 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 3.

Sir WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.

" A knight that for a lion fought

" Against a herd of bears,

" Was to lang toil and trouble brought,

" In which some thousands shares :

" But now again the lion rares,

" And joy spreads o'er the plain,

" The lion has defeat the bears,

" The knight returns again.

" That knight, in a few days, shall bring

" A shepherd frae the fauld,

" And shall present him to his king,

" A subject true and bauld.

" He *Mr Patrick* shall be call'd : —

" All ye that hear me now,

" May well believe what I have tald,

" For it shall happen true."

Symon. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and weel :

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the de'il,

To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep ;

Or do you get them tald you in your sleep ?

Sir Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,

Nor come I to read fortunes for reward :

But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,

That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men :

They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,

The wimpl'd meaning of your unco tale,

Whilk soon will make a noise o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to see how Sym believes,

And taks for gospel what the spaeman gives.

Of fawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :

But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' carle ; for e'er the sun

Has driven twice down to the sea,

What I have said, ye shall see done

In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud.

Glaud. Well, be't fae, friend, I shall say naithing mair;
But I've twa sonsy lasses young and fair,
Plump-ripe for men: I wish you could foresee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir Wil. Nae mair thro' sectets can I sift,
Till darknes black the bent.

I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch but some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning, calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire; —
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a space, and see the young anes play,
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And throw his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, well hid frae sight they meet,
See, Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.*

Poor shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger.

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I green,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een;
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en and morn.
Ah! could I loe you less, I'd happy be,
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Roger. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jenny. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love,
But, to this day, nae man my heart could move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me,
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny — say na that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when, for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife as he would buy a mare;
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou should scorn), still to delyte in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa',
But ginning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies:
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night ;
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase and join the ocean, without stain :
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile,
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain :
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company ;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made you dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now ! o'er happy ! had my head ! —
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms ! or strike me ! I'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love ! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
Kifs, kifs ! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day !
O Jenny ! let my arms about thee twine,
And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows.

S A N G XIII. *Tune, Leith-wynd.*

J E N N Y.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You shoud nae mair complain,
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain :
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

R O G E R.

*I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
Upon thy breast recline ;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead ;
Is Jenny then sae kind !*

D

01

*O! let me brisf thee to my heart;
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delightfu' thought! we'll never part:
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.*

Jenny. With equal joy my faster heart gi'es way,
 To own thy well-try'd love has won the-day.
 Now, by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
 Gif you agree with me to lead your life.

Jenny. Well, I agree — neist to my parent gae,
 Get his consent, — he'll hardly say ye nay.
 Ye have what will commend you to him weel,
 Auld fowks like them that wants na milk and meal.

S A N G XIV. Tune, O'er Bogie.

*Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;
 Next to my father gae:
 Mak him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay:
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel;
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 When bairns want milk and meal.
 Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain:
 Tho' a' my kin bad said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like these in high degree:
 And gif ye prove faithfu' in love,
 You'll find nae faut in me.*

Roger. My fauld's contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
 As mony newcal in my byars rowt;
 Five packs of woo I can at Lammas sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.

Good

Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house, and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all; which now gives joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.
My love and all is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best — but see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg: — besides, I mauna stay.
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn,
Gif we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Roger. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-
pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool.
Keep tryst, and meet me there; there let us meet,
To kifs, and tell our love — there's nought sweeter.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
Within the gallery of the place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the baron shown his face,
But, joking with his shepherd leel,
As't spears the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wil. **T**O whom belongs this house so much de-
cay'd?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Wha fills us a' with joy, now he's come hame.

*[Sir William draps his masked beard,
Symon, transported, sees
The welcome knight with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.]*

My master! my dear master! — do I breathe!
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenant's sight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir Wil. Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock; — neist, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty, — since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends, — which gi'es their fauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Symon. Now weel I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;
For there's Laird Kytie's son, that's lo'ed by few;
His father sleight his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name:
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners, as of sense and grace,
Oppressing all as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
To his ain fam'ly as to give him trust.

Sir Wil. Such useless branches of a commonwealth
Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health.
Unworthy bare reflection! — Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son:
A parent's fondness eas'ly finds excuse;
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his praise, the langest simmer-day
Wad be ce'r short, — cou'd I them right display.

In word and deed he can fae weel behave,
That out of sight he rins before the lave :
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell wha's cause is best ;
And his decree stands good ; — he'll gar it stand ;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.
With a firm look and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir Wil. Your tale much pleases ; — my good friend,
What learning has he ? Can he write and read ? [proceed :

Symon. Baith wonder well ; for, troth, I did na spare
To gie him at the school enough of lair :
And he delytes in books : — he reads, and speaks
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Wil. Where gets he books to read ? and of what
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind. [kind ?

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
He buys some books of hift'ry, fangs, or sport ; [port,
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.

About an Shakespear and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made o'er great a frase,
About fine poems, histories, and plays,
When I reprov'd him anes, — a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir Wil. He answer'd well ; and much ye glad mine
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear : [ear,
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that fae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book ;
When we a leaf or twa half read, half spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as well's ourself ?

Sir Wil. Well jested, Symon ; — but one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves :

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Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, or caught his youthful heart ?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the smallest part,
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
With Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet ;
I had my fears ; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear ;
A gentleman enrich'd with all those charms,
May blefs the fairest, best born lady's arms.

Sir Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me ;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command :
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress ;
Now ye the secret may to all confes.

Symon. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not downright me.

[Exit Symon.]

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When th' event of hopes successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
A thousand toils are lost in *Lethe's* stream,
And cares evanish like a morning-dream :
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning-light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill expres,
I ne'er had known without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love,
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.

Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine :

Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. *Tune, Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

*Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn :
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only shews its light,
Till polishing has made it shine :
Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset. — Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Maufe. OUR Laird's come hame ! and owns young
Pate his heir.

That's news indeed ! —————

Madge. ——— As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco' look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book ;
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een,
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his skill and pains wad naething hae.

Maufe. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo',
Whilk flee tod-laurie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer-days slides backward in a pool.
In short, he did for Pate bra' things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell :

At

At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
 Pou'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
 His welcome master, — round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
 Patrick was sent for, — happy lad is he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon,
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himsell.
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Maufe. It may be fae, wha kens? and may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain;
 Ev'n kings hae tane a queen out of the plain,
 And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense love tak root bot tocher good
 'Tween a herd's bairn and an of gentle blood:
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be;
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Maufe. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain;
 Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain!
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! slaverin doof! it sets him weel,
 To yoke a pleugh where Patrick thought to till!
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young Master see —

Maufe. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
 And so wad I: but whisht! here Bauldy comes.

[Enter BAULDY singing.]

*Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't:
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher-good,
 For my tocher-good I winna marry thee:
 E'en's ye like, quo' Jocky, ye may let it be.*

Madge. Weel liltit, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[Sings again.]

*I ha'e gowd and gear, I ha'e land enough,
 I ha'e seven good owfen gangin in a pleugh,
 Gangin in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

I ha'e

*I ha'e a good ha' house, a barn and a byar,
A peat-stack 'fore the door, we'll mak a rantin fire;
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry sall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell:
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.*

I trow sae, — lassies will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-baws cast.

Maufe. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a' ? —

Bauldy. — — — Faith unco right ;

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane? if we may ask.

Bauldy. To find out that, is nae difficult task.

Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair

On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be,

While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me;

I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,

Lefs wilful, and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neeps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time your heart to her was sworn.

Fy, Bauldy, blush! and vows of love regard;

What other lass will trow a mansworn herd?

The curse of heav'n hings ay aboon their heads,

That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate;

Nor will she be advis'd, fou weel I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest;

Ye leed, auld roudes, — and, in faith, had best

Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand

With a het face afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabit brock;

Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,

Can flyp the skin o'ye'r cheeks ont o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,

That I'm mansworn, — I winna let it gae.

Madge.

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Madge. Ye're witnesses too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good-breeding claims.

Ye filthy dog! ———

[*Flies to his hair like a fury. — A stout battle. —
Maufe endeavours to redd them.*]

Maufe. Let gang your grips! Fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy
I wad na with this tuilzie had been seen, [leen:
'Tis sae daft like. ———

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a
bleeding nose.*]

Madge. ——— 'Tis dafter like to thole
An ethercap, like him, to blaw the coal.
It sets him weel, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their bairns bairns have seen.

Maufe. That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I fall auld ye.

Maufe. Howt no; —ye'll e'en be friends with honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands, this maunna farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm; I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth, now, Maufe, I have at Madge nae
But she abusing first was a' the wyte [spite;
Of what has happen'd; and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow, and loup back! — Was e'er the like heard tell?
Swiith, tak him de'il! he's o'er lang out of hell.

Bauldy [running off.] His presence be about us! Curst
were he,

That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[Exit Bauldy.]

Madge [laughing.] I think I've towzl'd his harrigals
He'll no-foon grein to tell his love to me. [a wee;

He's

He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie fae he does but ill deserve.

Maufe. Ye town'd him tightly, — I commend ye for't;
His bleeding snout ga'e me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith, — to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch! — How had ye patience this to
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear? [bear,

Manse. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
Obliges fowk resentment to decline; [mine,

Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supplie;
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syn e bade him come, and we should gang to wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his tryft; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll have, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the guest;
A linen sheet wond round me, like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head:
We'll fleg him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A-conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Maufe. Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin cloud shines red with setting light.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom, with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and take farewell.*

PATIE

PATIE and ROGER.

Roger. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart louns light,

O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right.
 Sure gentle folk ~~are~~ farer seen than we,
 That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
 My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding, — sweet, — and nae mair scorn.
 I spak my mind, — she heard, — I spake again,
 She smil'd, — I kifs'd. — I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't: — But O! my change this day

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
 I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
 With looks all kindness, words that love confest,
 He all the father to my soul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly breast.
 Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
 Who set too soon! — And, while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
 That speechless lang my late kend fire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd:
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard, — too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids. — Ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat my heart shall sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand;
 But, wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Patie. Duty and hasten reason plead his cause;
 But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws?
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excells,
 And part of my new happiness repells.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVI. Kirk wad let me be.

*Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love superior calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd:
For now tho' I'm one o' the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repells;
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.*

Roger. Enjoy them baith — Sir William will be won;
Your Peggy's bonny — you're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else, through life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our master and yourself to stay
Amang us here? — Or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

Patie. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-
To London neist, and afterwards to France, [vance,
Where I must stay some years, and learn — to dance,
And twa three other monkey-tricks. — That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

Roger. “ They wha have just enough, can soundly
“ sleep;

“ The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.” —
Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning-thought, at night's
the same.

The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae boon the list. — Without it kings are poor.

E

Roger.

Roger. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it scantily on the bent :
Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine ;
Obeyfant servants, honour, wealth, and ease ;
Wha's no content with these, are ill to please.

Patie. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss ;
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er their blifs :
The passions rule the roast ; — and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gout and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease ;
While, o'er the moor, the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halefome air.

Roger. Lord, man ! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Patie. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill ;
These best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy :
Faith, I've hae books, tho' I should sell my ky.
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

Patie. Then here it lies, — his will maun be
obey'd ;

My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride ;
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here,
I sent for Peggy ; yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I,
To wale it frae me, a' the de'il's defy. [Exit Roger.]

Patie (solus) With what a struggle must I now im-
My father's will to her that hads my heart ! [part
I ken she loves, and her fast faul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the bated brink

Of disappointment — Heaven support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red. —

Enter PEGGY.

My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as you wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost;
Like to be carry'd, by some river's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous: leave the task to me,
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peggy. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief,
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I! poor me! — with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate:
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me when I danc'd or sang:
Nae mair, alack! we'll on the meadow play!
And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay;
As aft-times I have fled frae thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:
Nae mair around the foggy-know I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.

E 2

But

52 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. Act 4.

But hear my vow, — 'Twill help to give me ease,
May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVII. *Waes my heart that we should sunder.*

*Speak on, — speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.
Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.*

Patie. Sure heaven approves, — and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.

I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithful love.
If at my foot were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as hae the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
Made me think life but little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear.
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my traveller's arms.
I'll gain on uncle Glaud; he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn —

Or sung as follows. S A N G XVIII. Tweedside.

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will save't for thy sake.
Where-e'er my love travels by day,
Where-ever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.
With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.
For beauty that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the gowans in May,*

*But, inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.*

Patie. ————— That's wisely said,
And what your uncle wares shall be well paid.
Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart ;
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend,
Affect afit-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity to keep up state ;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae ;
Pay compliments to them we afit have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still ; — but I'll be ought with thee.

Patie. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With gentry apes ; for still, amangst the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expense,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
Then why, ah ! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me ?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watnawhats, sae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve ;
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love :
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. With every setting day and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heaven, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the sucklar-brae,
Where afit we wont, when bairns, to run and play ;
And to the hissel shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,

I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows. SANG XIX. Bush aboon Traquair.

*At setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,
To greenwood shaw or fountain,
Or where the simmer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows your mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.*

Patie. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kifs, and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same ease :
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not ; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime ;
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart impress. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like an posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest :
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

Symon. **W**HAT want ye, Bauldy, at this silent hour,
When drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its
pow'r ?

Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, and glowr, and look sae wan ?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy, — legs with shaking fail ;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane ;
Alake ! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it ! Symon, O Symon, O !

[Symon gives him a drink.]

Symon. What ails thee, gowk ! — to make sae loud
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed, [ado ?
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd ; I hear his tread.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Will. How goes the night ? Does day-light yet
appear ?

Symon, you're very timeously afeer.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest ;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist. }

Bauldy. O ay ! — dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Will. [smiling] I lang to hear't.

Bauldy. ——— Ah ! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill, among the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me, with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.

As

As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
 But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
 For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
 (The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
 Rais'd up a ghaist, or de'il, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk,
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 Lows'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
 My heart out of its hool was like to loup;
 I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
 Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:
 Syne I, half dead with anger, fear, and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help, to gi'e the de'il his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

Sir Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be,
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your Honour, soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantraips that bring up the de'il.

[Exit Bauldy.]

Sir Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt;
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
 That is, through want of education, blind!

Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae sic
 As witches raising de'ils up thro' a ring, [thing,
 Syne playing tricks? A thousand I could tell,
 Could never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
 Amongst a few auld women, craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup,
 O'er braes and bog with candles in his doup,
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
 Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow;
 Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;

Or

Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
 Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs, and stools:
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
 But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life.
 That gars me think this hobleflew that's past,
 Will land in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Wil. I'm sure it will; — but see increasing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning-air.

S A N G XX. Bonny grey ey'd morn.

*The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day:
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning-ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty through the reek,
A pipe his mouth, the tasses please his een,
And now and than his joke maun interveen.*

Glaud. I Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye do not use sae soon to see the light;

Nae doubt ye now intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang:
But do ye think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard.

Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sence than slight auld friends tho' poor;
But yesterday he gae us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd his company refrain:
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake, what's that?—Sure if it mean ought
He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill. [ill,

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair;
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare:
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us think sin to name.
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never slap
To brag how often they have had the clap.
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith flush'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gie
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too like him be good?

Glaud.

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we,
But thinner fawn; they're sae puff'd up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide
That shaws the gate to heav'n — I've heard myfell
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh, that's very odd!
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear, but curse, debauch, and drink.
But I'm no saying this as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gairs will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The LORD forbid! — na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear and help to red some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house: the Knight sits judge himfell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff; — Madge, lock the outer-
And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. [door,

[Exit Glaud.

' *Madge.* Poor Meg! — look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cros; ;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born. [scorn?
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.

Now

Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, troth! — but we delay,
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now 'tis tell'd him that the tawse
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brake good breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

Sir Wil. **A**ND was that all? — Well, Bauldy, ye was
serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my fault thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Maufe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well,
But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il:
Yet, with your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengefu' bitch;
And that my someplace finds; but I had best
Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghait,
And the young bonny witch, whase rosy cheek
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir William [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's she
that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?

F

How

How sparkling are her eyes ! what's this I find !
 The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
 Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
 Is this your daughter, Glaud ? ———

Glaud. ——— Sir, she's my niece, ———
 And yet she's not : — but I should had my peace.

Sir Wil. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean ?
 She is, and she is not ! — pray, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt if I shou'd mak appear
 What I have kept a secret thirteen year. }

Maufe. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Wil. Speak soon, I'm all impatience ! ———

Patie. ——— So am I !

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey. ———

This bonny foundling, ae clear morn of May,
 Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
 All swept and clean, and carefully hapt round,
 In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.
 What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake ?
 Wha, warfe than brutes, could leave, expos'd to air,
 Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
 Sae helpless young ? For she appear'd to me
 Only about twa towmonds auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairny smil'd,

With sic a look wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story ; she has pass'd sincefyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.

Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,

And I'm right sure she's come of gentle blood ;

Of whom I kenna. — Naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Wil. This tale seems strange ! ———

Patie. ——— The tale delights my ear !

Sir Wil. Command your joys, young man, till truth
 appear.

Maufe. That be my task. — Now, Sir, bid all be hush ;
 Peggy may smile ; — thou hast no cause to blush.

Long

Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth give way ;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim :
He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Wil. Old woman, do not rave, — prove what you
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play. [say ;

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave ?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd ! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each
doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Mause. Sir, view me well : has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face, that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand !
Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand. }

Sir Wil. Ha, honest nurse ! where were my eyes before ?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more.
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind ?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece, truth must prevail.
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

Patie. Good nurse, go on, nae music's half sae fine,
Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's long ; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, with avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess'd :
All this to me a confident confess'd.
I heard with horror, and, with trembling, dread
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all was sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour the floor I softly prest,

And staw the sleeping innocent away;
 With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
 All day I hid me; — when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains;
 Afraid of being found out, I, to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
 And took a ni'bouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
 Remember well, how I, that very day,
 Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

Glaud, [with tears of joy happing down his beard.]

I well remember't: LORD reward your love.
 Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt; — my joys are full,
 With due obedience to my parent's will.
 Sir, with paternal love, survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
 She's mine by vows; and would, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Wil. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
 Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
 With as good will as either would demand.

[Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.]

Patie. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
 As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM raises them.

I give you both my blessing: may your love
 Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are complete, — my joys arise,
 While I'm half dizzy with the blest'd surprise.
 And am I then a match for my ain lad,
 That for me so much generous kindness had!
 Lang may Sir William blest these happy plains,
 Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e :
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will take amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth and an estate,
Seem light when put in balance with my Pate :
For his sake only I'll ay thankful bow,
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness wakens up this day ?
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Sall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for you, of hale country-fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles ev'ry brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you !
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawze, and pawky Maufe's plot.

Sir Wil. Kindly old man, — remain with you this day !
I never from these fields again will stray.
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear :
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty year ;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the King ! and save Sir William lang !
T'enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance ? wha will refuse to sing ?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

Bauldy. I'm friends with Maufe, — with very Madge
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly ffeed. [I'm 'greed,
I'm now fou blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live !*

Madge. Lang may he live ! — and, Bauldy, learn to steik
Your gab a-wee, and think before you speak ;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.

This day I'll with the youngest o' you rant,
And brag, for ay that I was call'd *the aunt*
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peggy. No other name I'll ever for you learn.—
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me!

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Will. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to
And to your heirs, I give in endless feu, [you,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Wha have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your Honour's
love,

Confirm your joys, and all your blessings roove!

Patie (*presenting Roger to Sir William.*)

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom-secrets ere I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter Jennet, (Jenny, think nae shame),
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spoke and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Will. My son's demand is fair,—Glaud, let me
That trusty Roger may your daughter have, [crave,
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I'll make him chamberlain,

Glaud. You croud your bounties, Sir, what can we }
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay? [say, }
Whate'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter, with my blessing, take,
And still our master's right your bus'ness make;
Please him, be faithful, and this auld grey head
Shall nod with quietness down among the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Nor ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise:

But

But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

Sir Will. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous ; soon or late ye'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild ;
And aft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear. }

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey :
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

S A N G XXI. Corn-rigs are bonny.

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his warwking,
The shining of his een surprise,
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing sincefyne,
O corn-rigs are bonny.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting ;
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chastely should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to towzle air or late,
Where corn-rigs are bonny.*

A complete alphabetical GLOSSARY, or Explanation of the Scots Words.

A all.	Bombaze, to confound or affright.	Betooch us, preserve us!
Aboon, above.	Blate, shamesac'd.	Bent, a field.
Ane, one.	Bustine, white dimity.	Baugh, simple, of a pitiful look.
Anes, once.	Bad, bid.	Brock, a badger.
Ablins, perhaps.	Bannocks, a sort of bread.	Ban, to curse.
Awn, own, acknowledge.	Be, by.	Breeks, breeches.
Asteer, stirring.	Braes, hillocks.	Bourd, to dally, or tamper with.
Another, another.	Burn, or burnie, a rivulet.	Brankand, gay; also prancing.
A-will, of itself, of its own accord.	Birks, birch-trees.	Bairnie, a little child
A-thought, a little.	Bratling, running down or falling hastily.	CAWLER, fresh, cool.
A-jee, o' one side.	Bide, to bear, abide, endure.	Craig, a rock.
Auld, old.	Barlickhoods, freaks, humours, whims.	Craigy, rocky.
An, if.	Brats, cloaths, also rags.	Chirm, chirp, or sing.
Air, early.	Broe, broth.	Crove, a little butcher or lodge.
Aften, often.	Bleeze, flame, also lustre.	Corbies, ravens.
Ain, own.	Bleezing, flaming, blazing.	Cleek, to catch, or look up.
AF, off.	Bigonets, biggands.	Clute, the hoof.
Airth, quarter or corner of the world.	Begunk, a trick or stratagem.	Canty, merry.
Aiths, oaths.	Bairs, bears.	Cou'dna, could not.
Amaist, almost.	Bedeem, instantly.	Caulrise, cold, chilly.
Awa, away.	Bow or boll, a measure equal to a sack.	Cockernony, the hair bound up in a puff.
Alabe, alone; his lane, by himself; her lane, by herself.	Beuk, bake.	Cadgy, merry, gay.
Aneath, beneath.	Bouk, carcase.	Claiths, cloaths.
Ast-times, oft-times.	Bauld, bold.	Cauld, cold.
Albeit, albeit, altho'.	Bicker, bowl or cup.	Coofs, boobies.
A-wie, a little.	Bobit, laced.	Canny, lucky, happy.
Ay, ever.	Brint, burnt.	Cost, bought.
B I E L D, a place of shelter from the weather.	Blob, a globe or drop.	Chiels, fellows.
Bairns, children.	Bot, without.	Cleck, hatch.
Blyther, more joyful.	Beck, beeking, basking.	Ca', call.
Blythsome, glad.	Busk, adorn, dress.	Ca'd, or caw'd, called.
Blythness, joy.	Bootless, in vain.	Cottars, cottagers.
Bonny, handsome, pleasant.	Belt, girdle.	Curn, a little quantity.
Baith, both.	Blae-berries, blue berries.	Cry, to call, or a call.
Bught, sheep-fold.	Blaw, blow.	Cantraips, magic spells and diabolical arts.
Byar, cow-house.	Bands, kinges.	Cry'd, called on.
Braw, brave, fine, gaudy.	Bend, cup or draught.	Clim, climb.
Bein, rich, well-furnished.		Canna, cannet.
Briak, to press or bruise.		Crack, to clank.
		Cast, the mien or gesture,

Cast

- Cast up, to throw into
one's teeth, to upbraid.
 Cawfs, calves.
 Clatteran, prating,
chattering.
 Cankart, ill-natured,
peevish.
 Carle, old man.
 Cawk, chalk.
 Chitter, to gnash with
the teeth, shivering.
 Crap, crept.
 DART, mad, foolish.
 Dowie, senseless, silly.
 Dool, sorrow.
 Dorty, scornful, diffi-
cult.
 Dinna, do not.
 Dike, a wall.
 Din, noise.
 Dic'd, weaved in si-
gures of dice.
 Dauted, fondled, made
much of.
 Dubs, dirty little pools.
 Divot-seat, seat of
green turf.
 Darna, dare not.
 Deid, death.
 Darn'd, laid up secretly.
 Downa, cannot bear,
or endure.
 Dings, excels, gets the
better; also beats.
 Disna, does not.
 Dow, can, or is able to
do.
 Draps, drops, gives
the slip to company.
 Dassin, folly.
 Drie, suffer.
 Decreet, determina-
tion, or judgment.
 Didna, did not.
 Doof, a fool.
 Dunt, to beat or throb,
when applied to the
heart.
 Doup, arse.
 Doil'd, bewitch'd, in-
fatuated, dizzy,
giddy.
 Dyvours, bankrupts.
 ETTLE, to attempt,
or aim at.
 Een, eyes; also even
or night.
 Eastlin, eastern.
 Eith, eithly, easily.
 Eild, old age.
 Elf-shot, planet-struck.
 East, eastward.
 Elwand, a stick, the
measure of an ell.
 Even, to impute to one,
to compare, to liken.
 Ergh, to dread, or be
afraid of.
 Else, already.
 Ether-cap, wasp.
 Elritch, wild or ghest-
ly.
 FRAE, from.
 Fou, full; also drunk.
 Ferlie, a wonder; also
to wonder.
 Fouth, plenty, many.
 Flet, scolded.
 Fair-fa', well fare.
 Fa', fall.
 Fallow, fellow.
 Fald, to fold.
 Feckless, trifling.
 Feightan, fighting.
 Frase, talk, speech.
 Fowk, folks.
 Flyte, to scold.
 Fell, cunning, or pru-
dent; sometimes it is
applied to diabolical
arts.
 Fasheous, troublesome.
 Peg, fig.
 Fae, foe.
 Flaes, fleas.
 Fause, false.
 Flaw, to lie; also a lie.
 Furler, a corn or meal-
measure, consisting of
four pecks.
 Fear'd, afraid.
 Fleetch, flatter.
 Foregaint, over-a-
gainst.
 Fundling, Foundling.
 Foryet, forget.
 Fand, found.
 Flighter, to flutter.
 Flype, to flae the skin
off.
 Farder, farther.
 Fear, fieg, to frighten.
 Fain, fond, willing.
 Fawn, fallen.
 Fawt, fault.
 Fash, to trouble.
 Fleid, affrighted.
 GAE, go; also gave.
 Gowans, daisies.
 Gowany, full of dai-
sies.
 Grane, to groan or sigh.
 Gar, to make or force.
 Gat, got.
 Grein, to long for, or
thirst after.
 Gear, goods, wealth.
 Gecks, loaths.
 Gif, gin, if.
 Glowr, to stare.
 Glowring, staring.
 Gawn, going.
 Grip, to hold fast.
 Grips, the holding fast
with the hands.
 Gloom, a frown.
 Gang, go.
 Ganging, going.
 Gie, give.
 Gabs, mouths.
 Grace-drink, grace-
cup.
 Greet, to cry.
 Gane, gone.
 Gets, brats, children.
 Giglet, giffert.
 Gate, the way; also
the manner of a per-
son.
 Gufty, savoury.
 Glee, mirth.
 Glen, a vale.
 Gaits, goats.
 Gade, went.
 Gawky, a foolish
wench.
 Gree,

- Grec, *degree.*
 Grit, *great.*
 Ginning, *grinning.*
 Grate, *cry d.*
 Gowd, *gold.*
 Ghaist, *ghost.*
 Gowk, *cuckoo; also fool.*
 Gates, *ways, courses.*
 HAME, *home.*
 Hameward, *homeward.*
 Hartsome, *gladsome, pleasant.*
 Hinder night, *last night.*
 Haffer, *side of the face.*
 Hinny, *honey.*
 Hound, *bunt.*
 Hawlock, *wood next the wind-pipe.*
 Hald, *had, hold.*
 Height, *top of the hill.*
 Howm, *a valley by a river.*
 Het, *hot.*
 Healthfu', *beautiful.*
 Haith, *indeed, in faith.*
 Herds, *swains, shepherds.*
 Heh! *bab!*
 Hesse, *lodges, inhabitants.*
 Halesome, *wholesome.*
 Heather-brace, *bills on which heath grows.*
 Hidlings, *lurking-places.*
 Hadna, *bad not.*
 He'eryestreen, *the night before last.*
 Haggies, *a sort of pudding.*
 Haff, *half.*
 Howk, *to dig.*
 Humlock, *hemlock.*
 Hawkies, *crows.*
 Howdy, *a midwife.*
 Hing, *bang.*
 Heather-bells, *heathbuds.*
 Hechts, *promises.*
 Hallon-side, *by a holly tree.*
 Hae, *have.*
 Ha', *ball.*
 Howt, *fy.*
 Hassen, *partly.*
 Hool, *the shell.*
 Hobleshew, *a mobbish riot or quarrel.*
 Halv, *toiy.*
 Hodden-gray, *a coarse grey cloth.*
 Hapt, *cover'd up.*
 Hauping, *boppi'g, salting down.*
 ILKA, *each, every.*
 Jo, *sweet-heart.*
 I'se, *I shall or will.*
 Ingle-side, *fire-side.*
 Ither, *either; also one another.*
 Ingans, *onions.*
 KENS, *knows.*
 Kend, *knew, known.*
 Kiltit, *tuck'd up.*
 Kames, *combs.*
 Kittle, *to tickle; it also signifies difficult, or dangerous.*
 Kail-yard, *kitchen-garden.*
 Kirn'd, *burn'd.*
 Kenna, *know not.*
 Ky, *cows.*
 Kirn, *churn.*
 Kent, *a large stick, or shepherd's pole.*
 Lues, *ears.*
 Leglens, *milking-pails.*
 Loan, *milking-place.*
 Lofs, *to lose.*
 Lout, *to stoop.*
 Low, *flame.*
 Lowan, *burning, flaming.*
 Lang, *long.*
 Loes, *loves.*
 Loup, *to leap.*
 Louping, *leaping.*
 Leel, *sincere, honest.*
 Linkan, *stepping briskly, or hastily.*
 Lee, *fallow land.*
 Lap, *leaped.*
 Leugh, *laughed.*
 Lift, *the sky; also to remove.*
 Lin, *a precipice, or natural cascade, from whence water falls.*
 Lave, *the rest.*
 Langsome, *tiresome, tedious.*
 Laird, *landlord; in general, for any man of an estate.*
 Lyart, *hoary, gray.*
 Lucky, *gammer.*
 Laith, *loath.*
 Laverocks, *larks.*
 Lilt, *to sing briskly.*
 Liltit, *merrily chanted.*
 Luggies, *bowls.*
 Lear, *to learn.*
 Lair, *learning.*
 Loof, *the palm of the hand.*
 Leed, *lied.*
 Leen, *to leave off, give over.*
 Landwart, *country, rural, clownish.*
 Labour'd, *threshed.*
 Lous'd, *untied, loosed.*
 MAUN, *must.*
 Mair, *more.*
 Mony, *many.*
 Mint, *to aim at, or make a motion to do any thing.*
 Misluck, *misfortunes.*
 Mak, *make.*
 Meg Dorts, *Mrs Scornful.*
 Misca', *to miscall, or call names.*
 Meikle, *much.*
 Meiklest, *largest.*
 Maist, *most.*
 Maiks, *mates, wives.*
 Midding, *dungbill.*
 Mailens, *farms.*
 Manna, *must not.*
 Muck, *dung.*
 Mither, *mother.*
 Mear, *mare.*
 Milk, *dark, to darken.*
 Merle, *merlin.*

- Mavis, *thrush*.
 Manfsworn, *perjured, forsworn*.
 Moufemark, *any mark received by a mother's longing*.
 Mennin, *minnow*.
 Mae, *more*.
 NA, *no, not*.
 Nae, *no*.
 Nane, *none*.
 Ni'bour, *neighbour*.
 Nowt, *oxen*.
 Needna, *need not*.
 Neist, *next*.
 Nocht, *nought*.
 New-mawn, *new-mowed*.
 No, *not*.
 Newcal, *young calves*.
 Nives, *double fists*.
 Nor, *than*.
 ONY, *any*.
 Out o'er, *hanging over; also quite over*.
 Our lane, *alone, by ourselves*.
 Owrelay, *a cravat*.
 Owrelaid, *overlaid, overwhelmed*.
 O'erput, *to overcome*.
 Oure, *over, too much*.
 Orp, *to writhe one's self*.
 Or, *before*.
 Owk, *sweck*.
 O't, *of it*.
 Oxtar, *armpit*.
 Owfen, *oxen*.
 PAT, *did put*.
 Paughty, *proud, haughty*.
 Propine, *a present*.
 Peebles, *pebbles*.
 Penflie, *fantastically*.
 Peet-stack, *stack of dried turf for firing*.
 Pow, *a skull*.
 Prines, *pins*.
 Popilan, *poppling*.
 Poortith, *poverty*.
 Pou, *pull*.
 Peet-ingle, *turf-fire*.
 Pouch, *pocket*.
 Pouchfu, *pocketful*.
 Pawkily, *slily, cunningly*.
 Pleugh, *a plough*.
 Pith, *strengtb*.
 Pettled, *fondled, pampered*.
 Pithless, *faint, weak*.
 ROWING, Rowan, *rolling*.
 Row'd, *rolled, or wrapped*.
 Redd up, *to clean up, or clear up; also to tell, to be afraid, to part folks quarrelling*.
 Revel'd, *entangled*.
 Rin, *run*.
 Routh, *plenty*.
 Rife, *abundant, plentiful*.
 Racket rent, *rack rent*.
 Reesting, *drying*.
 Raht, *to make merry*.
 Ranting, *rousing, jolly*.
 Rash, *green, young*.
 Rashy, *rushy, or grown over with rushes*.
 Rashes, *rushes*.
 Roos'd, *praised*.
 Rousted, *grown stiff or rusty*.
 Rue, *to repent, relent*.
 Rowt, *to low, or make a great noise*.
 Roudes, *a hard name*.
 Rock, *a distaff*.
 Rever, *rover or pyrate*.
 Rucks, *ricks*.
 Reek, *smoke*.
 Roove, *confirm or rivet*.
 SALL, *shall*.
 Saughs, *willow-trees*.
 Sac, *so*.
 Spill, *spoil*.
 Slid, *smooth, slippery*.
 Syne, *since, then*.
 Smoor, *smother*.
 Smoor'd, *smothered*.
 Sma, *small*.
 Snaw, *snow*.
 Sic, *such*.
 Sell, *self*.
 Shaw, *shew, also scrubwood*.
 Shawn, *shewn*.
 Stock, *a reed or pipe*.
 Spring, *a tune*.
 Speer, *to ask*.
 Sacbeins, *since it is so*.
 SNOOED, *filleted, tied up*.
 Skiffing, *skipping*.
 Saul, *soul*.
 Sair, *fore*.
 Sets, *the strips or rows of colours in weaving*.
 Siller, *silver*.
 Sprains, *stripes or rows*.
 Shave, *a slice*.
 Singand, *singing*.
 Strak, *struck*.
 Scart, *to scrape, also to scratch*.
 Skaith, *loss, damage*.
 Scads, *scalds*.
 Sald, *fold*.
 Seething, *boiling*.
 Stend, *to take long steps*.
 Stent, *to tax, also to stint*.
 Shor'd, *threatened*.
 Sled, *sledge*.
 Sung, *sing'd*.
 Snuff! *pish! also to take snuff*.
 Slaw, *slow*.
 Shaw, *a little wood*.
 Swat, *sweated*.
 Slee, *shy*.
 Skelfs, *shelfs*.
 Strapan, *strapping, lusty*.
 Spaining, *weaning*.
 Spaemen, *fortune-tellers*.
 Saws, *prognostications*.
 Spae, *to tell fortunes*.
 Snoot, *a fillet or garland*.
 Sark, *shirt*.
 Sayna, *say not*.
 Starns, *stars*.
 Samen,

- Samens, *the same.*
 Skair, *a share, to share*
 Steght, *stuff'd, crammed.*
 Sornan, *mumping or begging.*
 Scrimp, *ill-provided.*
 Scrimpit, *fainted.*
 Sindle, *seldom.*
 Siccan, *such like.*
 Slavering, *drivelling or slobbering.*
 Snaw-balls, *jokes.*
 Swith, *soon, swiftly.*
 Shoon, *shoes.*
 Stang, *stung.*
 Swaird, *the surface of the grass.*
 Stanes, *stones.*
 Stap, *stop.*
 Sawn, *sown.*
 Sincefyne, *ever since.*
 Sakeless, *forfaken, destitute of friends.*
 Staw, *stole.*
 Skelpit, *to be slapt or whipt on the posterior.*
 Steek, *to shut.*
 TENTING, *tending.*
 Thrawart, *cross or evil.*
 Tod, *a fox.*
 Thole, *endure, suffer.*
 Till, *to.*
 Tald, *told.*
 Tint, *lost.*
 Thievcleis, *trifling, needles.*
 Trow, *to be sure of, to know, to believe.*
 Tak, *take.*
 Tane, *taken.*
 Twa, *two.*
 Tent, *to take notice of, to watch, observe, or remark.*
 Tyke, *dog.*
 Trigg, *spruce, clean.*
 Tarrow, *loaths.*
 Tether-stake, *halter-stake.*
 Thae, *these.*
 Thirle, *thrill.*
 Tyne, *to lose.*
 Trone, *the name of a particular market-place.*
 Thack, *thatch.*
 Taid, *toads.*
 Than, *then.*
 Thrang, *the croud, or throng.*
 Titty, *sister.*
 Tafs, *a cup.*
 Thow, *to thaw, or melt.*
 The, *thee.*
 Tryft, *appointment, to appoint.*
 Tocher, *tocher-good, one's portion or fortune.*
 Teill, *to till.*
 To, *too.*
 Tuilzie, *a broil, also to quarrel.*
 Towin'd, *slapped, banged.*
 UNLIKELY, *unpersonable, unseemly, improbable.*
 Unco, *strangely, wonderfully; also strange, wonderful.*
 Un'only, *unlucky, diabolical.*
 Unscrapit, *filty, or what wants scraping.*
 VIRLES, *rings.*
 Vissy, *to take a view.*
 WARLDLY, *worldly.*
 Winsome, *engaging, delightful.*
 Wathers, *wearthers.*
 Wad, *would.*
 Wha, *who.*
 Wat, *wot.*
 Whinging, *whining.*
 Wist, *knew.*
 Wast, *lonely.*
 Wi', *with.*
 Wie, *little.*
 Wood, *mad.*
 Wordy, *worthy.*
 Wimpling, *winding.*
 Wark, *work.*
 Whirles, *eddies.*
 Whilk, *which.*
 Wean, *child.*
 War, *worse.*
 Wins, *gains.*
 Woo, *wool; also to court.*
 Will-fire, *wild-fire.*
 Wale, *to chuse, the choice.*
 Witherhins, *to move contrary ways.*
 Warlock, *wizard.*
 Weel, *well.*
 Wae, *wo, also sorrowful.*
 Wife, *old woman.*
 Wyte, *blame.*
 Wrang, *wrong.*
 Westlin, *western.*
 Whins, *furze.*
 Whase, *whose.*
 Whisht, *hush.*
 Wimpled, *intricate.*
 Waws, *walls.*
 Warst, *worst.*
 Wow! *strange!*
 Winna, *will not.*
 Wond, *wound up, or wrapt round with any thing.*
 Ware, *to expend, lay out, to sift, to pump out a secret.*
 Withoutten, *without.*
 Wawnawhats, *no body knows what.*
 Win, *to dwell.*
 Wrights, *joiners.*
 Woody, *madly.*
 Yowl'd, *howled.*
 Yont, *beyond.*
 Yelping, *used to express the noise made by the barking of a puppy, or the crying of a child.*
 Youdith, *youth.*